

BOOKS OF THE
WEEK IN REVIEW
AND COMMENT

Anonymous Tale of Lord Daventry's Cold and Wicked Wife—The Worthy Rich.
Caste in the Navy, the Bonaparte-Patterson Romance, and the Pueblo Indians in New Fiction.
Timely New Issue of "Fighting Ships"—Books on Pure Food, the Flag, High Schools and other Themes.

In the anonymous novel "The Sale of Lady Daventry" (London: Herbert Jenkins) we read of Jane Morland, unhappy daughter of a poor vicar. Jane was clever and strikingly beautiful, figure and complexion perfect, eyes magnificent, brows dark and arched, hair golden and red. She stood at the garden gate, having escaped from the vicarage, where the parochial ladies were gathered for the purpose of making arrangements for the poor. She was in a state of rebellion against her environment. Life at the vicarage was intolerable. Her eight sisters were dull. Her mother was commonplace and fat. Her father was a man bowed down.

Jane was 25. She desired opportunity for her cleverness and beauty. The story speaks of the creative brain. It says: "Luther had this type of brain. . . . created a new dog." Napoleon, another such user of blood, was removed through a river of blood. There is the millionaire compelling his stream of gold, and "the artist genius tearing down the veils of reticence, dissecting unconsciously and because he must the soul of his own wife." We may pass by the artist genius. The question with Jane was as to what she should do with her gifts, as to how she could do anything with them. She felt the bars put down her, feeling her rebellious body while she could never be trapped. She was a wild animal, she felt herself against the locked door."

What was to be done? How was she to get out and run a course like Luther.

Napoleon and the others? The story tells us: "This woman weeping against a vicarage gate had a brain equal if different to any of these, but she did not know how to use it." (Chapter 10.) Certainly the problem was difficult. The solution came suddenly. The story says: "She hid her eyes, which burned with fierce unshed tears, against the top-most bar and demonic rage took possession of her. To have so much to sell and no money! She clenched her evil, ruthless hands upon the iron bars, and a terrible shudder ran through her body. How terrible thing she was saying and meant every word of it. 'Listen, God!' she cried. 'Listen, God or devil! Is there none to hear? Listen, both of you, either of you, for life and wealth and power I am ready to sell my soul, your souls, mine and yours.'"

Though the author insists emphatically that his book is a novel ("Don Diego," by Albert B. Reagan [The Alice Harriman Company, New York]), its depiction of the treatment of Indians in myth and life of the Pueblo Indians and an account of their subjugation by the Spanish authorities in the seventeenth century, illustrated with pictures, many in color, of archeological remains. What story there is halts where the author describes in every chapter what he knows why it was done. Incidentally he gives his impression of what an Indian woman may have suffered in times of warfare. It is a learned and interesting book, from both the ethnographic and historical sides, but as far removed from a novel as *The Day After Tomorrow*. There is provokingly good work

voice, and Lionel, to the Lord Daventry, looked over the gate at her."

That is the surprising ending of the first chapter. Lord Daventry had reached the mature age of 75. He looked young, Jane accepted him readily. They held long conversations at the vicarage gate. They explained themselves very frankly to each other. Jane was not disturbed on hearing that he was touched with gout occasionally. He was disturbed for a moment. Her hands were clasped on the top of the Lord Daventry's long, thin, white hands, started a little. It was almost terrible to notice the hands of this very lovely woman, for they were ugly beyond description." Not in texture or shape, but in their expression. "As they clung to the gate, they were like a pair of talons." But she never let go. They were ruthless, cruel, greedy and an offence to her otherwise

"Great Is Discipline," by O. C. Ironsides (E. J. and J. Henryson, Halifax, England). In the description of character and in domestic scenes, which will make the reader regret the business side of the novel, it is almost perfect. The conditions in England from the side that is opposed to labor agitation. One industry is selected, that of dyeing; it is described with the preciseness of a trade manual and there are frequent economic and political discussions. The account of the strike is told from the point of view of both employers and the workmen is partisan, but not unfair. Toward the end the author's imagination works out an actual war between the organized employers and organized labor, which is graphic to say the least. He certainly has strong opinions, but he can only regret that in this instance he has written instead a polemical pamphlet.

The revival of the melodrama "The Silver King," by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman, is the occasion for the publication of the plot, arranged in the form of a story by Alfred Wilson Barnett, G. W. Dillingham Company.

woman. She was coldly, ambitiously wicked. The story has a dreadful plot and a series of terrible tragedies. It will keep the reader abundantly interested, though what it tells is hardly credible.

SOME NEW FICTION

For once the sorrows of the worthy rich are recorded in a novel, "The

Twenty-fourth of June. . .Midsummer's Day," by Grace S. Richmond (Doubleday, Page and Company), a welcome variation from the trials of the usual worthy poor. The rich youth is fond of books and travel and engages in the

usual occupations of society; he seems to have no vices, though it is hinted that some young women have made an impression on him, but he has never known what home means. He dis-

covers this when brought in contact with an amiable and happy but very energetic family, each member of which is efficient and engaged in some useful occupation. This family also includes

the one girl, who has a very poor opinion of society young men, which she expresses with much frankness, an opinion which the youth sets to work to modify. He develops energy in the process and undertakes to run a country book, with its pictures, is indispensable to those who are following the naval operations of the war.

Books Received.

"The Department of State of the United States: Its History and Function" Gaillard Hunt. LL.D. (Yale University Press, New Haven).

"The Lost Ones" A. W. Pickard-Cambridge. (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

"Children of Banishment" Francis William

Toward the close the hero's virtues become rather cloying, but he is a nice boy, she is a nice girl, the people about them are nice too and the reader will enjoy their acquaintance. Why the

WHAT WAR MEANS WITH

THE BRASS BUTTONS OFF

In Will Lexington Comfort's novel "Midstream" is a vivid page telling what war really means to the private soldier—with the brass buttons off. Thus:

"The cook house was in a cloud; men tortured to madness fought with one another in the mess line. You could not carry your meat from the bench to the picket line without living flakes from the black bank of flies falling thick upon it; you could not fight them from the morsel that you lifted to your lips. Flies were there to rush into the mouth with it; they were at your eyes and nostril linings. We sat down at the heels

"I have never heard, nor read, nor seen since, anything like those days; yet I relate but the shadow of a memory. 'Shadow,' that recalls the vultures, forever circling above, their shadows moving like ghosts across the sand.

"Then kept us in that compound in vestiges, the nation looking over our heads

to Cuba and offering up more patriots momentarily; Washington too turgid and insensible to hear the cry of that which had been ten thousand on the Tampa plain; our officers reflecting a funk that was national. We thought of the sea and the fighting as one dying of fever thinks of running water. We lay in the sun waiting for ambulances. In the great heat we covered ourselves with ponchos and with canvas of the tent walls to keep

off the flies. . . . Yet we welcomed every fiery dawn on that Tampan plain because of the higher pitched agony of the nights."

A novel which shows clearly why the Alsians greeted the French with such enthusiasm when they invaded their towns. (Lane).

"THE IRON YEAR." By Walter Bloom.

Translated from the German, in which it recently created a great sensation and was read by the Kaiser to the members of the royal family. A novel of the Franco-Prussian War, historically accurate. (Lane).

"WHEN WILLIAM CAME." By H. H. Munro.

A story of London captured and under the rule of the Hohenzollerns. The results of this remote possibility very cleverly described. (Lane).

"RED WRATH." By John Oxenham.

A story of the Franco-Prussian War by the author of "Queen of the Guarded Mounts." (Lane).

"WAR!" By W. Douglas Newton.

With an introduction by Rudyard Kipling.

A book written in story form with the purpose of showing what war is in its stark, bitter, ugly reality. It describes the progress of an invading army: the ugly, naked details of the battlefield, the bloody slaughter of modern scientific warfare, the desperate sufferings of the conquered people, are related with a vigor and realism that leave little to the imagination of the reader. (Dodd, Mead)

William Timothy Call. (W. T. Call Books)
 "Saturday's Child." Kathleen Norris. (Macmillan)
 "Tales of a Night." Mary Pindarie. (P. Dutton and Company)
 "Topsy." Ticker Edwards. (E. P. Dutton and Company)
 "The Man with the Double Heart." Muriel Higgins. (John Lane Company)
 "The Uplifting Story." H. F. Preese. (John Lane Company)
 "The Art of the Book." Edited by Charles Hornum. (John Lane Company)
 "Love's Legend." H. Fielding-Hall. (Hornum and Company)
 "The Wolf and the Children." Hiawatha. (The Riding Hood). The Three Bears. The Children of the Polar Regions. Cruise. (The Children of Henry Holt and Company)

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

“England will be forced into such a position that she will have no alternative left but to declare war.”

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